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ON SATIRE.

By Mr. Thyer.

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THE vices and follies of mankind will always afford an apology for satire, but never for the malevolent and wanton abuse of it. This kind of wit must indeed, like physic, be sometimes disagreeable, but ought always to be salutary : and however sharp and corrosive the application, the intention with which it is administered should be humane and benevolent. What can be more cruel, than to sport with the sensibility of the human breast, give a man pain, merely because it gives you pleasure, and wound your neighbours heart, to tickle your own imagination? Satire, like law, originates and is founded in the irregularities of mankind, but, like that too, ought to have in view its reformation and amendment. Without this, it merits only the title of calumny and ill-nature; as justice itself, if it looks no further than the punishment and sufferings of the criminal, has the appearance of malice and revenge.

If the proper object of satire be to correct the enormities and refine the manners of society, what must we say of those who pervert it to a purpose quite the reverse—who, when they ought to civilize and amend, distress and confound the world, and instead of lessening the absurdities of mankind, add one more by their own example—who prowl in the dark for faults, nay sometimes invent them, solely to in-

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dulge their own spleen in censuring—who not content with attacking public immoralities, violate the rights of private life, impertinently pry into family concerns, and will not allow men the honest privilege of being secure in their own houses? These are the pests of social life, who, instead of humanizing, would reduce us to our original barbarity, and far from reconciling, would teach us to hate one another. Shameful indeed is the triumph of these peevish scribblers, when all they can boast of, is shocking the delicate feelings of female modesty, sowing dissensions in peaceful families, and destroying that mutual affection which ought to subsist between members of the same community!

Happy would it be for the world, if the writers of scurrility and ribaldry were the only persons to be blamed; they would then meet with the contempt which they deserve. But, alas! there is an invidious jealousy in the human composition, which leads men to hear with pleasure, what they cannot say with decency. Many are weak enough to fancy, that what lessens another raises *them*, forgetting, that when their neighbour's house is on fire, their own is in danger. The cause of honour is a public one, and whoever is an enemy to that, militates against all mankind. Crimes different in their name, are often very similar in their nature; and as he that receives stolen goods is equally guilty with the thief, so he that countenances the libel partakes of the guilt of the writer,

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*The following remarkable instance of the effects produced upon barbarous nations by the art of Painting, is related in the accounts transmitted from Egypt to France.*

THE painter Rigo at Cairo, a member of the Egyptian institution, fell in with a caravan from Nubia. As the leader of the caravan had a countenance which displayed the national features in a very striking manner, Rigo resolved to paint his portrait, but was obliged to give him a considerable sum of money before he could induce him to comply with his wish. After long negotiations, he was at length admitted with an escort of ten of his own countrymen, and painted him in full length.

At first the Nubian seemed content with the picture; but as soon as the colors were laid on, he uttered a loud cry of horror, and all endeavours to appease him were fruitless. He escaped to his home, where he related that his head and half of his body had been taken away by the painter. Some days after Rigo led another Nubian into his work-shop, who was no less struck with horror at seeing the picture, than the man whom it represented had been, and told his countrymen that he had seen a great number of lopped off heads and limbs in the Frenchman's house. They laughed at him; however, to satisfy themselves about the matter, six of them came to visit Rigo. These were seized with the same panic at the sight of his paintings, and no intreaties could prevail on them to remain in his house.

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### LOVE'S VOCABULARY.

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**MATRIMONY**—A term which is the stale topic of ridicule to witlings, libertines, and coxcombs; and a term of the utmost respect among the virtuous and the sensible. It is, like patriotism, the most noble motive, and the most infamous pretext. It is the paradise of the wise, and the hell of fools.

**Sun**.—All comparisons of one's mistress to the sun, the stars &c. are out of date. They are all so hackneyed, that even poetry rejects them. One modern poet, indeed, has ventured to compare his mistress to the sun, because, like him, she was a common benefit, and shone on all alike.

**Vanity**—Has brought more virtues to an untimely end than any other vice. A woman whose vanity is hurt by the apprehended desertion of a lover, to keep him will very often take the very step which will bring on that desertion.

**Wish**.—I wish I could love you, in the mouth of a fair one, signifies, "I actually do love you."

I wish I could hate you, signifies precisely the same as above.

*Women.*—Women compose the world's necessary half. Their destination is, to please, to be lovely, and to be loved. Those who do not love them are yet more blameable than those who love them too much. There is no definition can reach them. Every man's experience must be his interpreter of them; but this may be said with great justice of them, that far the greatest part of them incite their lovers to all that is virtuous and honourable. No woman worth loving ever loved a coward or an abject villain. It is generally the fault of the men when a commerce with them becomes pernicious or dishonourable.

*Youth.*—All the eloquence of the Ciceros and Demosthenes is not equal to the natural eloquence of youth. The glare of it blinds one to its faults. Its privileges are numberless. There is no atonement or compensation received in love for the want of it. It is the greatest merit, and often the only one, that is required to succeed. No wonder than that women take such pains to preserve the appearance of it long after the substance is departed. In vain; there is no retrieving nor repairing it. There is no second bloom in nature, nor procurable by art. The attempting it is a joke, and a stale one; yet women are fools enough to have the rage of giving their decline a new ridicule, by their ever fruitless endeavours to conceal it.

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SOME time since, a grocer in Nantz, of considerable property, who was left a widower with three helpless children, on his return home from midnight mass, it being a vigil, found his house all in a blaze. His first exclamation was, "Where are my dear children? I must relieve them, or we shall all perish together." He applied a ladder to the wall, rushed into the flames, and succeeded in penetrating into the room where the children were in bed; he had already taken two of them in his arms, when a third, the youngest, a beautiful girl, cried out, "Sure, papa, you will not leave your own little Mary in the fire. The distracted parent took the little innocent, wrapped in her night clothes, in his teeth, and by miracle, escaped without any material injury to his precious burden.

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*Handwritten:* Mary



## THE CASTLE DE WARRENNE.

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*Continued from Page 111.*

"**THE** evening as we were sitting down to our homely meal, Pauline and I were alarmed by the trampling of horses close to our cottage; and presently our door was opened by a well-drest man, who delivered into my hands a lovely little infant, for which, in the ever-honoured name of my dear lady, he besought my protection. He excused himself from explaining particulars, but informed me, that it was the wish of his lady that you should be kept, as long as possible, ignorant of your real parents; nor was I even permitted to reveal your name under any circumstances whatever. The only memorial of your identity is a small locket which you will find in the drawer of that little cabinet, the gift of your unfortunate mother to my wife: by that token you may one day be discovered. Till then rest satisfied; and remember, my Matilda, in all your hours of adversity, that a *suprême* Power guides your fate, and that the Supreme Judgment is unerring:—learn, then, to bear with resignation whatever ills may befall you!"

Matilda, unwilling to distress him with her own emotion, suppressed, as much as possible, her feelings; and his increasing illness took from her all other concern, and she attended him with unceasing care. Her tender zeal soothed the pains of infirmity, but could not prolong his existence beyond its limited period; and, a few days after her arrival at the cottage, Leonard expired in her arms!

Overpowered with grief, Matilda continued motionless at the bed-side of Leonard, until awakened to a painful sense of her desolate situation by the old woman who had attended him since the death of Pauline;—who wondered, she declared, what good fretting and crying there would do.

Matilda, thinking it advisable to make this woman her friend, rose from her suppliant posture, and, wiping away her tears, assured Maud she would do whatever she thought best: then, with forced composure, seated herself at the table, and affected to partake of the repast with which Maud was plentifully regaling herself. Her politeness gratified the old lady, who, in her turn, began to take more complacent notice of her companion.

"And, so, miss," said she, in a voice rather softened "you have lost your father!—Ah! well—it's a sad thing, to be sure; but, pray, what is it you mean to do now?—you are not strong enough for hard work."

"Any thing, good Maud," replied Matilda; "I am not ashamed to earn an honest livelihood by labour, should I find it necessary."

"That's right," replied Maud; "for most girls now are too proud or too lazy to work. When I was a girl——"

Matilda, unwilling to hear the recapitulation of her youthful exploits, interrupted her, by saying—"Truly, Maud, my situation is a melancholy one!"

"Melancholy enough!" returned the old woman shrugging her shoulders, and looking apprehensively around; "for my own part, I don't much like moping here with a coffin in the room;—'tis very dismal, and I hope it will be soon removed."

To this *feeling* harangue Matilda made no reply. The next words of Maud caught her attention:—


"To be sure," resumed she, "I could tell you of a situation, where you would not be very hard worked; but that would not be much better than burying yourself alive."

"Name it, I entreat you," said Matilda, impatiently.

"It is to take charge of a mad lady," said Maud.

"A mad lady!" re-echoed the disappointed Matilda; but recollecting herself, she resumed:—"but is she very bad—incurable?"

"Santa Marie!" exclaimed the woman, crossing herself;—"how should I know? I will tell you all the story—then you may judge.—A great baron, William de Barome, I think his name was, rebelled against the king of England; and, after affairs were settled, refusing to give up his son as an hostage, was ordered by John into confinement, with all his family. The baron, however, made his escape; and it is supposed that the lady found means to dispose of the child, for neither have been heard of since: she is now under the care of Sir Roger de Lacy, and is reported to be raving mad. I have a sister who has attended her these two years, in a lone Castle: but she writes me word that she is tired of the solitary life she leads, and means to resign her place, though she does not care to leave the poor soul without an attendant, I would offer myself to



supply her place, but am too old to go travelling about now: so I think you might undertake it, if you are not afraid to cross the sea."

"Never fear," said Matilda: "if you are willing to recommend me, I will not let trifling obstacles impede me."

They then parted—Maud to arrange her household concerns, and Matilda to inspect the cabinet mentioned by Leonard. Within the drawers she found the locket described: it was in the form of an eagle supporting a coronet; the wings of the bird beautifully shaded with coloured gems; the coronet of rubies; on the back was a device in dark hair, with a cypher, W. B. In another drawer she found a folded paper, in which was gold and silver coin to the amount of about one hundred and fifty pounds; and a plait of light auburn hair. On the envelope was written, in the hand of Leonard—"The gift of my lady to Pauline du Pont; preserved, entire, for the use of her daughter Matilda."

Matilda was sensibly affected at the benevolent intentions of Leonard, and her tears flowed unrestrained.—Knowing it would not be in her power to take the large cabinet with her, she packed her little memorials in a separate case, and prepared to give orders for the interment of Leonard. When his remains were consigned to their native earth, she felt all the affliction of a daughter. The debt of gratitude paid, Matilda waited, in anxious suspense, the answer to a letter of introduction which she had written to Mrs. Barlow, Maud's sister; and tedious did the time seem that intervened. At length her uneasiness was removed by the arrival of a favourable answer from Mrs. Barlow, who readily resigned her office.

In a few days all was ready for Matilda's departure, and her passage taken in a trading vessel then bound for England. In respect to Maud, Matilda presented her with their little cottage, and all the effects they possessed; and, after writing an affectionate farewell letter to Lady de Warrenne, visited the grave of Leonard, and bedewed it with the tears of sensibility; then, with a heart more oppressed than usual, stepped into the boat which was to convey her to the ship. A faint sickness came over her as she was lifted up the side of the vessel. The sailors paid her every attention, kindly seated her on deck, and, wrapping a watch-coat round her, left her to her own meditations; while they, with cheertful hearts, weighed anchor, and a favourable gale springing up, soon lost sight of land.

Fortunately there were other female passengers on board, from whom Matilda experienced the utmost kindness during her sickness, which was excessive; and her joy was great, when, after a tedious passage, they arrived at Torbay, from whence she could proceed with ease to the place of her destination.

At the place appointed she was met by the man who was sent by Mrs. Barlow to conduct her to the Castle, and who had been several days waiting the arrival of the ship. He greeted her in his uncouth dialect; and Matilda, sick, spiritless, or probably not comprehending him, mounted the horse provided for her in silence, which the man, offended at her reserve, did not attempt to break: in this cheerless manner they travelled near fourteen miles across a country rugged and barren. Accustomed to a warmer climate, Matilda found the cold bleak air intense; but the man, hardened to his native soil, felt not the inconvenience that her repeated shiverings declared her to suffer.

At length they arrived at the gates of a large gloomy-looking Castle. Her conductor, alighting, sounded a horn, which, echoing through the vaulted roofs, made the heart of Matilda shrink back, appalled. After waiting a considerable time the rusty hinges began to creak; the gate was opened, and a woman made her appearance, who soon announced herself to be Mrs. Barlow.—Casting her piercing eyes upon the trembling girl, she muttered something in a disconcerted tone; and, with a slight inclination of her head, led the way into a small saloon, furnished more commodiously than could have been expected from the external appearance of the building. When seated, Matilda had an opportunity of observing her companion, who, in her turn, paid no less attention to the dress and person of her guest.

The personal attractions of Mrs. Barlow were by no means prepossessing; her tall bony figure could boast but little elegance or symmetry in the formation; and a pair of sharp-twinkling grey eyes, divided by a nose of enormous length, gave little charms to a countenance furrowed by age.

"You may well be surprised, child," said she, observing that Matilda surveyed her with a look of astonishment, "you may well be surprised, I say, that a person of my pretensions should bury myself in this frightful solitude, to associate with none but lunatics or ignorant countr



boors: but, I assure you, so far from wishing to enter the gay world, it is my sole desire to hide myself from the sight of man, where I shall be sure to avoid the temptations which delude so many of my sex into the paths of vice.—but, I declare, I find this incessant confinement too much for my spirits, and my constitution, naturally delicate, is materially injured; so that I am glad you are come, for you look so dismally, that this place will be quite in your own style.”

Matilda, in hopes to escape from her affected hostess, complained of fatigue, and requested to retire. Mrs. Barlow, with much good-nature, made her some tea, and then conducted her into a neatly-furnished chamber, where she told her she might rest that night, but that on the next she must take possession of her chamber.

Matilda gladly wished her a good night. After offering up her orisons to Heaven for her safety, she prepared to take that repose which she was so much in need of. In the morning, Mrs. Barlow came into her apartment, and ordered her to prepare to visit their unfortunate maniac.—Matilda instantly dressed herself, and followed her conductress through a long gallery, hung round on each side with whole length portraits of the celebrated warriors who had distinguished themselves in the family of De Lacy for centuries past. The next apartment they came to was a kind of armoury, from whence issued a pair of folding doors, through which they passed. In a magnificently furnished room stood a sofa, upon which reclined a lovely woman, in an elegant but careless undress. She raised herself at their entrance, and fixed her eyes on Matilda with a vacant stare, who beheld with lively compassion her piteous state. Her hair, a bright flaxen, hung dishevelled over her face and neck, and the most perfect insensibility sat on every feature.

Matilda softened into tears; gazed mournfully on the fair sufferer, who was tying in careless knots her long tresses. Mrs. Barlow soon contrived to draw Matilda from the room, and, leading her through the several apartments, instructed her in the nature of her new situation.

“This room,” said she, speaking of one adjoining that in which they had left Lady Barome, “you may consider as your own: within it is the one where my lady sleeps; beyond it is a library, where you will find drawing and writing materials; the picture gallery is your boundary, you are never to pass beyond, except on parti-

cular occasions. Whenever you want any thing, ring the bell, and Margery will attend you. Your sole business is to dress and undress my Lady, walk with her on the ramparts, a privilege she is necessarily allowed, and attend her at meals: the rest of your time you may occupy as you please. She is attended once a week by a physician, and sometimes Sir William takes it into his head to visit the Castle; on these occasions you must keep yourself as much as possible secreted. Margery will tell you of their approach."

The comfortable air the place wore, to what she had been led to expect, filled her with a gleam of satisfaction; and the hope that her assiduous care might, in time, assist in recalling reason to the unhappy lady, made her determine to brave all other disagreeables, and she acquainted Mrs. Barlow with her settled resolution to attend upon Lady Barome.

Mrs. Barlow departed the next day, and Matilda repaired to the apartment of her Lady, and assisted her to rise, who soon after sat down to her breakfast. A harp stood in one corner of the room, which Matilda, after running her fingers over the chords, found to be in tolerable tune. As Lady Warrenne had taken great pains to instruct her on that instrument, she was rather a proficient, and soon struck off a lively French air. The next which she chose was a plaintive, affecting strain, which she accompanied with her melodious voice. Wholly absorbed in her pleasing occupation, she for a while forgot her accustomed attention to Lady Barome, who had risen from her seat, and hung enraptured upon Matilda's chair. Perceiving the effect of the music, she continued to play, without appearing to notice her. In a little time she perceived the tears fall slowly down her cheeks. She then ceased playing, and Lady Barome, clasping her hands together, exclaimed—

"Oh! you are an angel!"

Matilda, joyful at her approaching return of reason, took this opportunity to inform her of the change of her household; but ere her tale was finished, the wandering fancies of the beautiful sufferer were again fled. From this time Lady Barome had many short lucid intervals, during which she seemed to manifest the strongest partiality for Matilda, who omitted nothing that could contribute to soften the severity of the malady.

Lady Barome, being once more than usually tranquil said to Matilda—

“ I will now shew you my favourite spot, where I pass the only happy hours that I can experience in this miserable captivity.

She then led the way to the picture gallery, where the first portrait that engaged the attention of Matilda, was that of a warrior, whose stature was almost gigantic. His features were boldly delineated, but his eyes seemed to gleam with cunning malignity.

“ That,” said Lady Barome, shaking and averting her head, “ is my jailor, the owner of this Castle;—the Marquis De Lacy. Observe the youth who is trying on his helmet, while he wields his enormous sword, which he seems gloriously to bear.”

Matilda needed not to have this object pointed out to her; her eyes were already fixed on a youth of graceful deportment, upon whose open countenance a glorious ardour seemed diffused, while his eyes were raised to the spectator with a look capable of inspiring the most enthusiastic sentiments of admiration.

“ That,” said Lady Barome, “ is his son; the youthful and reputed amiable Valtimond.”

They then passed several not worthy of notice. At length she stopped opposite a picture representing a lady and gentleman, who hung with apparent fondness over a lovely infant.

“ That is my sister with her husband and child.—Another time I may, perhaps, be able to reveal to you the story of my misfortunes. But this,” cried she, breaking from Matilda, and throwing herself on her knees before the portrait of a gentleman, “ this engages all my attention!”

Matilda, with terror, perceived the wildness of her looks, and attempted to raise her; but she gave a tremendous shriek, exclaiming—

“ Ah! barbarous!—attempt not to tear me from my lord—my husband!—I will stay with my William!—Hark!—his groans—oh! they have murdered him!!—Great God, he dies!”

She fell prostrate on her face. Matilda, struck with affright ran into the adjoining room, and rang the bell with

violence. Margery instantly appeared, who assisted to carry their lady to bed, where she continued some time in frantic delirium. Nature was at length exhausted, and she sunk into a torbid slumber.

During Matilda's residence at the Castle, Sir Roger had never once troubled them with his visits, and her time would have passed comfortably enough, had Lady Barome been in a state of convalescence. As it was, she worked, read, or (what she particularly delighted in) walked in the picture gallery, where she would incessantly dwell on the features of young De Lacy.

"Surely," said she mentally, "this youth cannot possess the base qualities of his father! He looks amiable and engaging."

Then she would seek to divest her mind of this fascinating object, by surveying the other portraits, but in vain; she as constantly returned, and again her eyes were rivetted on the attractive Valtimond.

Lady Barome, in one of her rational intervals, proposed walking on the ramparts, to which a door opened from the armory. Thither they bent their steps; and, as they walked to and fro, Lady Barome turned towards Matilda with earnestness, and taking her hand pressed it between her own.

—"My good young friend," said she, "I now feel myself so composed, that I will relate to you the sad history of my life, and of the misfortunes which have caused me to be in this melancholy situation."

Matilda endeavoured to dissuade her from such a trying task, fearing she might be overpowered with the recollection of her sorrows. Lady Barome, however, desired her attention: she then began the following recital.

"My sister Madeline and myself were the only children of an illustrious family. Being the youngest, I was consequently the favourite. The indulgence I received from my parents caused me, at an early age, to possess a spirit and sense of dignity too much for my years; which spirit has ultimately proved my ruin.

"My sister's beauty and unaffected modesty soon procured her a train of admirers; the most favoured of which was Arthur de Warrenne, Earl of Surry."

Matilda started; but Lady Barome, not perceiving her agitation, continued.



—“No obstacle intervening, they were married, and retired to their family seat. I loved my sister, and most severely felt the separation, being the first we had ever experienced. As I had lost the dear friend and companion of my youth, I was not sorry when my hand was solicited by William Barome, a baron of great possessions and respectable character; and I consented to an immediate union with him. It was my misfortune to lose my parents, Sir George and Lady Beaumont, about this time. The tender and assiduous affection of my husband in some measure consoled me under my grief, and the birth of a charming boy completed that happiness which I could not but know with a man possessed of the excellent qualities of my William.

“Alas! our felicity was but of short duration. After the rupture among the barons, the tyrant John demanded hostages for our fidelity, and messengers were dispatched to seize our son. Frantic with rage, I bade defiance to his power, and refused to deliver him up. My husband applauded my resolution, but the offence was too great for pardon. Our estates were confiscated, and an order sent to take us into confinement. For myself I cared little:—my husband and my child claimed all my attention. Our house was surrounded by guards, and I was forced into a carriage with my infant. I demanded my William.—‘Oh,’ replied one of the wretches, exultingly, ‘he is safe enough: his Majesty has taken care of him, and served him, as he ought to serve all such rebels!’

“I shuddered at his barbarity, and turned from him with indignation: he perceived it, and cried, exultingly—‘Oh-ho! lady fair, your high spirit will soon be brought down: a few months confinement under our good Roger De Lacy will teach you how to carry your head so lofty?’

“Ah! too well I knew what I had to expect from him, I had once already offended him, by repelling the freedom of his behaviour to me, and he had vowed revenge. I gave vent to the bitter anguish of my soul in a flood of tears, with which I bedewed the face of my hapless babe, and continued in sullen silence till we reached this castle. You may suppose that I was surprised at the elegant accommodation prepared for me, as I knew from the King’s man-

date, which I had insisted upon being shewn to me, that I was to fare as a common prisoner. I suspected to what cause I was to attribute this extraordinary attention, and sickened with horror at the suggestion.

"The preservation of my child now became my sole study, as I felt a dread, lest the revenge of De Lacy should extend to the deprivation of his life; and I necessarily dissembled the abhorrence with which I received the vile proposals he incessantly persecuted me with, till I could devise some means for the disposal of my child.—Fortunately, the gentleman to whose care I was first consigned was a humane man. I had often observed the tear start to his eyes at my frequent exclamation of distress as I contemplated the sweet face of my smiling infant. Emboldened by his apparent compassion, I ventured to offer him a diamond of considerable value, provided he would carry my child to a place of security. He kindly promised that he would; and, with a heart torn with anguish, I took a last embrace of my darling—Oh! my William!—my infant Raymond!—never shall I see you more!"

"Raymond!" re-echoed Matilda. "Ah! such was the dear child I left. Say, dearest Madam, what memorials did you leave with him?"

"But one," replied Lady Barome;—a chain of silver fastened round his neck: but that may, by various accidents, have been lost."

Matilda was instantly convinced of his identity, and falling on her neck, sobbed out—

"Yes, my dearest Lady, it is your son—your own Raymond!"

She then related to her the history of her own life; concluding with an assurance that it must be no other than the son of Lady Barome which had been discovered by De Warrenne.—"The immense distance being the only consideration."

"That I can well reconcile," said Lady Barome: "the man was a Frenchman; and his desire to return to his native country might the more eagerly induce him to take charge of my Raymond: besides, the difference of his age when I parted with him, and that when he was found by De Warrenne, shews, that he must have been kept by the poor man some time. Indigence might, at last, oblige the

poor wretch to dispose of it in that manner." The probability of this reconciled them to the certainty.—  
"Surely," cried Lady Barome, "just are the dispensations of Providence!—Warrenne knows not whose child he has adopted, or, in his zeal for John, he would immediately deliver him up to his persecutors."

The joy of Lady Barome now dissolved in tears, and she seemed more settled than she had yet been since Matilda had been with her. She soon insisted upon going to the gallery where she contemplated the picture of her husband with calm tranquillity; in short, Matilda began to hope for the perfect restoration of her senses, and listened, with a mixture of joy and apprehension, to the sequel of the tale, which Lady Barome took an early opportunity to continue.

"I was," she resumed, "so much afflicted at the loss of my child, that I refused all manner of sustenance for several days, during which time De Lacy failed not to torment me with his detestable passion. On my knee did I implore him to have compassion on my deplorable state, and entreated to know the fate of my husband. He seemed softened, and informed me that Barome had escaped from Corse Castle, where he had been confined, and was supposed to have taken refuge with my sister in Ireland. This intelligence gave me great satisfaction; but, as all communication was cut off between myself and family, it was impossible for me to hear any more authentic account.—Confinement, and incessant persecution, so harrassed my spirits, that my constitution suffered. The woman you found here was placed about me, and her continual murmur and ill-humour contributed to increase my own melancholy reflection, soon brought me to the miserable state which you found me in, and, by your tender care, have so far mitigated."

She then embraced Matilda, who congratulated her with sincere pleasure upon her health being so happily reinstated.

One day, while Lady Barome was enjoying her usual stroll with Matilda upon the parapet, they distinguished from afar a party of horsemen advancing towards the Castle. Two, habited in a superior manner, were engaged apart, and seemed in earnest conversation.

"What means all this!" cried Lady Barome shrieking, with dread: "I fear it bodes no good.—'Tis De Lacy; he comes, I dread, with no good intent."

Returning rather precipitately, her foot slipped, and she fell with some violence against the moulding which surrounded the parapet, and received a contusion on her head, which bled copiously: Matilda bound it with her handkerchief, and conducted her to her chamber. The numbness occasioned by the pain threw her into a dose, and Matilda quitted her for a moment to peruse a book.—Passing through the gallery, she instinctively stopped opposite her favourite picture. Again she examined it with scrupulous attention:—

"Charming Valtimond!" she exclaimed, involuntarily: "can such a countenance conceal a depraved heart?—Impossible!—Surely, were he to behold the suffering Lady, he would be melted into compassion.—Ah! would I could be convinced that he were as amiable as the canvas presents him attractive!"

"Who could be otherwise when attending to so sweet a monitress?" cried a voice from behind, which almost caused her to sink to the earth.

Turning, she beheld a youth whose features and figure soon convinced her that he was the original of the picture she had been admiring. Her quick glance struck respect into him. His first address had seemed to betray a deficiency of politeness; and, sinking on his knee, he caught her hand, and with a soft persuasive tone continued:—

"In Valtimond De Lacy behold one who pities, and is willing to relieve, the sorrows of the unfortunate Lady Barome, as far as his duty to a parent and a Sovereign will permit."

Matilda's confusion and surprise was at first so great, that she could not directly recover herself sufficiently to reply in the manner she would have wished. At length she withdrew her hand with an air of assumed severity, saying—

"For your purposed kindness, Sir, in the name of Lady Barome, I return you thanks; be assured, however, that you shall never be reduced by us to the necessity you imply. But rise from your suppliant posture; it but ill accords with your rank.—I am but a domestic in this fa-



mily; excuse me, then, if I withdraw. Your business may require privacy, and my attendance may be necessary upon my Lady."

With a reserved curtesy she then quitted the gallery, leaving Valtimond astonished at the beauty of her person and the dignity of her mein. He had, from motives of curiosity, wandered to that part of the Castle in hopes of catching a glimpse of Lady Barome, whose stay (with all the palliation given when related to him) greatly interested his feelings; and he determined to be of service to her.

Matilda, breathless with agitation, returned to the apartment of Lady Barome, and, finding her awake, related to her what had passed.

"Who knows," said that Lady to her, "but Heaven has raised us up a friend in this young man?—my heart whispers me that he is generous and feeling."

"So does mine," thought Matilda; "but I dare not trust its pleadings."

In the evening they again took their ramble in the battlements, and with no small surprise saw the whole cavalcade depart; De Lacy having had but one short interview with his prisoner, in which she affected great indisposition.

"Alas!" said Lady Barome, "all our hopes are futile!—Valtimond has thought no more of us. Perhaps we have been deceived in our favourable opinion of him."

Matilda sighed; her eyes pursued the horsemen; and a tear of mingled disappointment and despair trickled down her cheek. Complaining of the coldness of the night air, Lady Barome consented to return; and, shortly after, neither being disposed for conversation, they retired to rest.

Matilda, in vain, strove to sleep: a thousand ideas, painful and oppressive, obtruded on her mind, and kept her waking the whole night. At an early hour she rose, and, to divert her uneasiness, repaired to the gallery; when, to her infinite abashment, Valtimond, whom she supposed to be far distant, was the first object that met her eye!—She turned, covered with blushes, and would have retired. He eagerly caught her gown.—

"Why, lovely girl, this abhorrence of De Lacy!—why fly a friend who only wishes to serve you!"

"Oh, Sir!" cried Matilda, do not detain me: this is not language for me to hear. I beseech you to let me go;—Lady Barome is waiting for me."

"Then conduct me to that Lady," said Valtimond: "let me personally assure her of my intentions in her favour. I would fain impart consolation to her wounded mind."

Matilda paused a few moments, unresolved in what manner it would be most prudent to act. After some hesitation, she said—

"Pardon, Sir, my irresolution; if it gives offence, I shall be concerned; but our situation is peculiarly delicate; However, placing the fullest confidence in your honour, I comply with your request:—follow me."

She then proceeded, followed by Valtimond, to the great chamber, at the door of which they met Lady Barome, who had risen, and, impatient at the absence of her young companion, hastened to seek her.—She started at the first sight of the stranger who accompanied her; but, soon guessing who it was, with calm dignity demanded his business.

The countenance of Valtimond, hitherto flushed with hope, now fell.—"Alas! Madam," cried he, "how shall I be able to deprecate your anger, for the presumption I have been guilty of in thus intruding on your privacy! I have, though unknown, unfortunately incurred your displeasure. I see, by the coldness and disdain with which you treat me, that you think me arrogant and unfeeling. Believe me, I came not here to offer you insult, but to convince you, by the most fervent protestations, that you have but to command me."

Convinced, by the respectful manner of his address, and the expression of ingenuousness upon his countenance, that he was interested in their welfare, Lady Barome extended her hand to him in token of friendship: he prest it to his lips, and vowed, with energy, to protect her with his life from injury. They soon became mutually pleased with each other, he having first obtained permission to visit them next day, to contrive plans for their future welfare.



Valtimond waited upon them the next day, and Lady Barome acquainted him with those circumstances of which he was ignorant ; as, also, with the history of Matilda, concealing only the name of Arthur De Warrenne.—He heard her with unconcealed emotion, and again renewed his offers of service, of which Lady Barome immediately availed herself.

Fixing her eyes with expressive earnestness upon his face, she said——“ I believe your protestations sincere ;—prove my conjecture ;—just liberate us from this confinement :——you have the power.”

Valtimond started ; he turned pale ; and his whole frame shook with visible agony. He could only articulate——“ Fatal request !”——then, striking his forehead, he continued——“ Idiot that I was !—Could I not have foreseen this !”

He then rose from his seat, and traversed the room with hasty and irregular steps : then, reseating himself, and turning to Lady Barome——

“ Severely, indeed, Madam,” said he, “ have you tried my friendship. Think not, however, that my reluctance to comply with your demand proceeds from personal apprehension——far from it : I am apprehensive that you would not find the plan you propose so entirely devoid of evil as you seem to imagine.—Your friends are all scattered, and, should I liberate you, it must be under the solemn restriction,—not to attempt a recovery of your rights until the public affairs are more tranquil. Judge, then, should you be pursued and taken, what you have to apprehend from the vengeance of my father, and the resentment of incensed Majesty !——What could two beautiful and defenceless females do in such a situation ?—Ah ! rather let me persuade you to continue where you are, at least a short time longer. Nothing shall be omitted by me that can contribute to your ease or comfort : you shall enjoy unlimited liberty, and, by your generous forbearance, confer upon me the highest obligation.”

While speaking, he turned his eyes full upon Matilda with melancholy languor. Her's were suffused with tears, and she seemed to wait, in painful anxiety, the answer. Lady Barome seemed much affected by his pleading, and, after a pause, said——

"Selfish as I must appear, and painful as it is to me to be so urgent, I must yet persist in my request, confident that that alone can secure my peace: I must, furthermore, beg to conceal from you my plans for our future destination."

"You do, indeed, distress me!" exclaimed Valtimond.

"How am I to act?" rejoined Lady Barome.—Why did your generosity prompt you to encourage hopes which your resolution would not serve you to realize?—A time may come when I can make you reparation for the services you may render me."

"Talk not of reparation, Madam!" cried Valtimond, with an energy that made her start:—"that is impossible."

"'Tis well, young man," said Lady Barome, with indignation; "we are your captives. You may sport with the feelings of an unhappy woman with impunity."

"Dear Madam!" said the terrified Matilda.

"Gracious God!!" interrupted he, wildly, "have I deserved all this?—Yes, Madam, you shall be obliged!—but, alas! pardon, and pity my desperation!"

He rushed out of the room, leaving Matilda petrified with terror. The exertions she had made were too much for Lady Barome; and she fell into hysterics, one of which it was a considerable time before she recovered. Matilda was herself very weak and low; she felt her heart strongly interested in favour of the young De Lacy, and she trembled lest he should fall a sacrifice to the fury of his father. She, however, received some satisfaction, from learning of Lady Barome that it was her intention to pass over to Ireland, and seek refuge with her sister, where, in all probability, she might find her husband; and Matilda waited the return of Valtimond with impatience.

All the next day passed—no Valtimond appeared; and they began to imagine that he had repented his forward zeal. At last their hopes were revived by the sound of his footsteps across the saloon.—Matilda's heart beat high with expectation. He advanced; his looks were wild and disordered; and, throwing himself on the sofa, he took a bundle from under his cloak.

"There, Madam," cried he; "I have complied with



your cruel request. And, now, may I supplicate you to think sometimes with pity on the unfortunate De Lacy, who, in losing the gratification he had expected to find in your society, will experience the most poignant affliction."

Lady Barome rose from her seat; she extended her hands to him, while she could no longer suppress her tears.

"Generous youth! my prayers, with those of Matilda, shall always be for your happiness."

"Refrain, I entreat you," he replied, "this kindness: I can better bear your anger; that but excited me to prove myself worthy; this shews me the irreparable loss I am about to sustain."——Then, taking the parcel,——

"Here," he continued, "are two peasant's dresses; in these, you may pass the borders in safety; and in the channel are vessels bound for any part.——In two hours I will attend you."

He then quitted the apartment.——With palpitating hearts they engaged the intervening time in disposing of the few clothes they were able to secure, and other trinkets of value. The habits Valtimond had procured so effectually disguised them, that they had no fear of detection.

The appointed hour soon arrived. Valtimond was punctual: he engaged their silence. Then, extending one hand to each, he led them down the staircase, and from thence went through a back door, of which he only possessed the key. The clock just struck ten as they passed the postern gate: all was still; and the moon which rose with unusual lustre, seemed to light them on their melancholy way.——The hand of Valtimond shook as it drew that of Matilda's under his arm; and her heart beat with responsive vibration: but all observed a profound silence. Matilda raised her eyes to his face, and was struck with the pensive sadness pictured there.

They soon reached the creek, where they engaged a fishing boat: the drowsy watermen were with some difficulty awakened. Valtimond again pressed the hand of each to his lips; a tear fell unperceived upon that of Matilda's, and, lifting his eyes to Heaven——"May the Almighty protect you!" was all he could utter. His voice faltered, and, clasping his hands together with a look of despondency, he quitted them.

With difficulty the fair adventurers supported themselves into the boat, which immediately pushed off from land. Matilda indulged her heart-felt grief in silence, not willing, by her own complaint, to dull the bright hopes she saw Lady Barome was cherishing. The dashing of the oars sunk them into a mournful reverie, from which they were roused by the discordant voice of their guide, who informed them of their approach to land.—After taking some refreshment in a paltry inn, they obtained a carriage to Barnstaple, from whence they embarked in a vessel for Dublin harbour. The seas ran high; but the adventurous travellers, fearing to betray their sex by unseemly terror, stifled their fears, and withdrew, as much as possible, from the observation of the other passengers. Their voyage was quick and pleasant, and with joyful hearts they beheld land, and greeted, with thanksgiving for their safety, the Hibernian shore.

It was full eight miles across a bye country to Warrenne Abbey, from the place where they landed, and, as evening was far advanced, they entered a little hut that stood upon a dreary moor, and requested to pass the night there.—The mistress of the humble mansion surveyed them with a scrutinizing look, long before she would give consent. The meanness of their habit did not sufficiently disguise them, so as to obscure that native dignity of manner which even procured respect from this uninformed cottager; and her natural hospitality overcoming her distrust, she cheerfully set before them her usual meal of potatoes, rye-bread, buttermilk, and whiskey. Throughout the whole hut there was an air of neatness and order, which, from the appearance of six children, who were running about without any other covering than a shift and short stuff petticoat, could hardly have been expected. The youngest of these, a fine rosy-cheeked boy, climbed on the knee of Matilda, and insisted upon cramming a piece of raw turnip, which he was voraciously devouring, into her mouth. The woman, perceiving he was troublesome to her guests, instantly sent them all out to bring in firewood, though the mud at the back of the house was full a foot deep.

Lady Barome was astonished at the hardiness of the Irish peasantry, of which she had never before been a witness; and the woman, pleased at the notice she took, was going to exemplify it, by relating innumerable anecdotes of the

strength, sense, and agility of Shannon. All this was very uninteresting to her guests, who demanded whether she knew the situation of Warrenne Abbey?

"Know it!" exclaimed the woman:—"Arrah! and to be sure I do, if I know the nose on my own face!—Why—we were tenants to the poor dear Lady who is dead; and a swate pretty sowl she was, by my faith!"

"Dead!" cried Lady Barome.—"Oh, Heaven!"

It was with difficulty she kept from fainting, while her loquacious hostess continued:—

"My Lady De Warrenne has been dead these fourteen years; and the Abbey is now the property of Sir Arthur De Warrenne, my late Lord's brother."

The woman was too much absorbed in her own story to notice the agitation of her guest, who was wound up almost to madness by this second shock.—The woman resumed:—

"Not that we are so proud of the change,—neither was he; for he soon after took a deadly hate to this place, and went away, God knows where! and left the Abbey to the care of an old monster, who won't let nobody go in; and, God knows, nobody wants to go in,—not they; for it seems there has been foul work; and it is said that the poor dear Lady's ghost walks there, with a child skeleton in her arms!"

Lady Barome uttered a cry of horror, and sunk speechless on the earth. Matilda, fearful of discouraging her, told the woman that they were related to her late Lady, begging to be left alone with her brother. The woman readily complied, and Matilda soon succeeded in recovering Lady Barome, who threw her arms around Matilda's neck, exclaiming—

"Ah! my sweet friend! what will now become of us! —Would that I had been persuaded by the prudent De Lacy!"

Matilda sighed, involuntarily—"Dear De Lacy!"

"Ah!" cried Lady Barome;—"wretch that I am!—I now see all.—And have I made you miserable, my only friend?—You love De Lacy!—Speak;—confirm my fears!"—Matilda trembled.



—"What is it you ask?" she demanded.—"To say I admire him for his noble conduct towards us, would be but to express a mercenary idea.—How were it possible for a girl of my abject fortune to aspire to De Lacy?—No!—no!"

Tears choked her utterance. Lady Barome became frantic.

"Why not?" cried she:—"you are worthy of him.—Were he to desert you for want of birth or fortune, he would be undeserving of your affection.—But I see how it is. I have destroyed all your prospects of happiness; and, think not that I will live to bear the self-reproach, which thought alone must bring upon me!"

Matilda flung herself at her feet.—"Talk not thus! my beloved Lady. Live yet for your son—your Raymond, —We may yet be happy!"

Lady Barome recovered some composure. At last, turning suddenly to Matilda, she said—

"Have you courage to follow me in a bold enterprize?"

"Do you suspect me capable of deserting you?" rejoined Matilda.

"Pardon me, my love, if I have hurt your feelings; but, what I require of you is such an extraordinary request—it is—to accompany me to the Abbey, where, I think, I can procure admittance. My design for such a proceeding, is, to discover whether any traiterous practices have been made use of to deprive my sister of life."

Matilda endeavoured not to dissuade her from the enterprize; she had never been accustomed to entertain fears of supernatural agency, and was not in the least appalled at the idea of residing in a haunted Abbey. She, therefore, assured Lady Barome of her readiness to attend her; and they continued fixing plans for their conduct, till their hostess summoned them to breakfast.

The woman, agreeable to a request made by Matilda, sent her eldest son with them to shew the way; first assuring them that they never would get in. They offered to reward her for her trouble: this she resolutely declined, protesting that she had as much money as she knew what to do with; and, for the rest, St. Patrick would reward



her.—They then departed, preceded by the lad, who now and then pointed out to them the beauties of the surrounding country. The road was rugged, and they felt themselves extremely weary by the time they came within view of the Abbey. Having no farther occasion for the boy, they dismissed him, and seated themselves upon a fragment of the fallen ruins, to survey, at leisure, the stupendous edifice.

Warrenne Abbey was situated upon the summit of a stupendous crag, whose foot was washed by the foaming channel. The lofty turrets seemed almost to touch the heavens with their spires. Infinite labour and expence had been bestowed on the workmanship, which displayed the full glory of Gothic magnificence; but time had destroyed the workmanship of the most eminent architects; and those niches which had once been filled up with the statues of illustrious heroes, now afforded a secure asylum to birds of ominous note, who chose their habitations far from the haunts of man. All the eastern wing seemed a terrific pile of ruins: the rest, though in rather better preservation, still wore an air of cheerless desolation. The high fretted grating opened into a set of dreary cloisters, through which the eye vainly wandered to find an object capable of inspiring a pleasing sensation; and the hearts of our heroines sunk within them, appalled, as they surveyed the gloomy pile. Lady Barome rung the outer bell, the vibration of which was lost in immense distance. After a considerable time had elapsed, the tardy Cerberus made his appearance at the gate, and, in a voice petrifying to the ear, demanded the occasion of this unusual disturbance.—Matilda took upon herself to answer; the faltering tongue of Lady Barome denying its office.

“We demand admittance here,” said she, exalting her voice to the most manly pitch she could assume, “in the name of Sir Arthur De Warrenne, Lord of this Castle, whose vassals we are, and from whom we are sent with dispatches; but, being basely robbed on our journey, we request admittance, until such time as we are sufficiently refreshed to return and obtain fresh supplies.”

The man shook his head with an air of incredulity.—“Where,” he asked, “is the signet by which I may know you to be the vassals of Sir Arthur?”

"Have I not told you," replied Matilda, haughtily, "that we have been plundered, even to our very garments, and have obtained those we now wear from some charitable peasants? Pr'ythee make no more grumbling, but admit us, for my comrade is very ill."

The man, after much grumbling, opened the gate, and they followed him through the long range of cloisters. After many turnings, and intricate passages, they came into a small vestibule, where at his desire they seated themselves. He then quitted the room, and soon returned with two bottles of wine and some biscuits; then, desiring them to help themselves without ceremony, began to ask a thousand questions concerning his master's family, all of which Matilda answered with such ingenuity, that he no longer doubted their identity. They, in their turn, endeavoured to put him off his guard, and make him betray the secrets of his office; but of this he was particularly careful, and they dared not betray their own ignorance, by any direct interrogations. He appeared to be about fifty: his black scowling eye (for he possessed but one) was almost concealed beneath his dark bushy eyebrow, except when he glanced upon his timid guests. His mouth was of enormous extent, and, for lack of teeth, his lips had fallen in so as to convert every smile into a ghastly grin. His voice was guttural and hollow, and his whole deportment every way uncouth and disgusting.

When they had finished their refreshment, he took a lamp, and, rising from his seat, muttered—"Follow me." They obeyed with a tolerable grace, and followed him, and soon ascended a flight of steps that wound all the way in a spiral form. They arrived at last in a suite of spacious apartments, one of which he opened, and, shewing them in, lifted his lamp, saying, in a tone of exultation, "Here, my lads, you will sleep securely."

They shuddered as he placed the lamp on the table and withdrew, locking and bolting the door on the outside.—As soon as they were convinced, by his receding footsteps, that they were alone, Matilda and Lady Barome employed themselves in surveying the apartment allotted to them. From the situation of the spot, they conceived that they were in the eastern wing, of the ruined state of which they had been before apprised. What few fragments of furniture remained had been so much neglected, that even the

materials of which they were composed were not to be distinguished. A large marble slab was the object on which their lamp rested, and a mirror that hung over, which extended to the ceiling, reflected to them their own pallid countenances. The room was hung round with tapestry, representing the landing of Julius Cæsar. The windows were high, and closely crossed with iron bars, so as to exclude all prospect and light from without.

In a recess of the apartment stood a pair of folding doors, secured by a strong iron lock. These immediately became objects of curiosity to Lady Barome, who meditated in what manner they should be able to open them.—Fortunately, in the pocket of her vest Matilda found a clasp knife, which she recollected to have taken from the young Shannon, who was playing with it, and, fearing he might hurt himself, had unthinkingly put it there. With this they alternately set to work, and with indefatigable labour, the wood being much decayed round the lock (their impatience overcoming their prudence), with a violent effort they pushed the door open. The current of air instantly extinguished the lamp, and they were forced to wait, in horrible uncertainty, the return of day. It was then too late to pursue their purposed investigation, as at an early hour he summoned them to breakfast, and informed them, that he expected they would return directly after.

Lady Barome cast a desponding look at Matilda, who replied, that it was impossible for her comrade to travel, in his present state; and that, for his own part, he should not think of quitting them: that he was certain Sir Arthur would think more favourably of them, than to expect such a thing; and concluded by begging one day's further respite. After some consideration he complied with their request.

The day was passed very tolerably, the man kindly shewing them all the magnificent apartments in the Abbey, some of which were beautifully furnished. When they retired for the night, they were again secured within their chamber and immediately, with more precaution, began their purposed investigation. Their lamp emitted but a feeble gleam of light, and the surrounding gloom rendered the objects rather difficult to be distinguished. They first entered a gallery which seemed to wind round the suite of apartments; and, along this, they groped a considerable



way, when Lady Barome suddenly struck her head against something with force, and received a severe blow: this upon examination, proved to be an iron balustrade to a staircase, which the steepness of the steps rendered almost inaccessible. They ascended, but not without occasionally pausing with apprehension to listen. All was solemnly still.—The staircase terminated in a small door, the which they were obliged to stoop to pass: they had scarcely entered, when, to their inexpressible horror, the figure of a man appeared, bearing a lantern!—Fortunately, excess of terror prevented them from uttering any sound; and the man passed without once raising his eyes, and, descending the staircase, quickly disappeared.

“Let us return,” said Lady Barome. “To-morrow we will resume our search: at present we are in a defenceless state. The figure was, I am convinced, human; and we have nothing to dread from supernatural objects whom we have never injured.”

“True,” replied Matilda; “and, as to weapons, the armed heroes in the chancel can, I believe supply us.—Some villainy is, I am convinced, on foot, if we are not ourselves the objects.”

They then descended with alacrity, and, returning to their chamber, secured, as well as possible, the folding-doors, and betook themselves to that rest which they found extremely necessary.

In the morning, Lady Barome, to give more colouring to their tale, did not quit her chamber; and Matilda again apologized for the trouble they were obliged to give their host, who, now off his guard, occupied himself without much attending to her. This was all Matilda wished; and, seizing eagerly the first opportunity, she secured a sword and lance from the chancel, which with the utmost secrecy she conveyed to their chamber; the man trusting her to carry her comrade food.

At night they were again locked in, and lost no time in exploring the gloomy passages which they had passed the night before: they discovered the mysterious door from whence the figure had issued the preceding night; and Matilda, with desperate courage, entered. The apartments here wore much the same air of desolation as the rest; but, passing a door that would otherwise have been undiscovered



ed, a faint moaning caught their ear. With palpitating hearts they stopped to listen;—the sound ceased. Again they proceeded; when they heard a quick rustling, and something in white brushed hastily past them, and darted the lamp from the hand of Lady Barome, who uttered a loud cry, and sunk terrified to the ground. Matilda felt for her friend, when she found her arm arrested by an icy hand, while another passed slowly over her face;—her whole frame shook with a convulsion of horror. Again the small door opened, and the figure of the man re-appeared. Matilda instantly sprang forward, and, siezing him, flung him to the ground.

"Wretch!" she exclaimed, with astonishing heroism, "what means all this?—Instantly surrender yourself, or expect no mercy!"

Revived at her well-known voice, Lady Barome sprang from the ground, and with all her power ran to the assistance of her friend, and recognized in their prisoner the person of their host: they each held a sword over him, while on his knees he supplicated for mercy. Matilda took her belt from her waist, with which she bound his hands, while Lady Barome did the same by his feet.

Their attention was quickly drawn from this object by one of a more extraordinary nature.—A tall, elegant figure, clad in white, appeared, and, throwing back a long veil, which concealed her face, discovered the meagre countenance of a woman: "sharp misery had worn her to the bone." Advancing towards them in haste, she exclaimed—"Brave youths!—I believe you to be my friends, and claim your protection for the injured Countess De Warrenne!"

Lady Barome ran towards the stranger (who was fearfully retreating), and exclaimed, in a voice of joy—"It is—it is my long lost Madeline—my dearest sister!"

Excess of happiness is seldom productive of fatal consequences, or such would have been the result of a meeting too pathetic for description.—Matilda, not quite so much intimidated, advanced to their trembling culprit, and demanded on pain of death, who was in the house beside himself. The fellow declared solemnly himself was the only one, and promised faithfully to offer no resistance. Not perfectly satisfied with this, they secured him as well.

as their united strength would permit, in a chamber, from which there was no outlet; and, leaving him what food they judged necessary, they turned all their attention to Lady De Warrenne, who, to gratify their feeling concern, immediately began her narrative as follows:—

“The news of your misfortunes, my dear sister, weighed heavy at my heart, to augment my unhappiness, in a few short months a malignant fever deprived me of my husband. Barome had just escaped from Corfe Castle, and implored me that I would screen him, if possible from the malice of his enemies; of which I had the mortification to learn, that my brother-in-law, Sir Arthur, was the most inveterate. All would have succeeded to our wish; but Sir Arthur, unfortunately, for reasons after disclosed, made his appearance here: the suddenness of the visit inexpressibly confused me, and the embarrassment which I laboured under was very visible. He seemed thoughtful and morose;—he took up his abode some time in the Abbey, under pretence of a wish to afford me consolation. At this time Barome was obliged to confine himself wholly to his apartment, and we only obtained interviews by stealth.

“One day we were mutually lamenting your misfortune, and mourning your unknown fate, when the voice of Sir Arthur at the door, demanding admittance in no gentle tone, threw us into the utmost consternation. He repeated his desire in a voice still more authoritative, and William had but just time to conceal himself under the tapestry; when De Warrenne, with furious force, burst the door.—With calmness I demanded the occasion of this outrage, when Sir Arthur, with a look of malignant fury, insisted upon knowing with whom I had been conspiring. My change of countenance implied the truth of his accusation, and I sunk, overcome with fear, into the next vacant seat.—he took advantage of my terror, and raising the tapestry, discovered Barome, who sprang forward, and aimed a pass at him with his sword. I find that Barome did not personally know his adversary; yet apprehension for what must ensue threw me into strong convulsions, which ended the contest, and Barome escaped. I was put to bed, and continued in a most alarming state till the next day, when I gave birth to a female infant.—I soon learned to my inexpressible horror, that I was accused by Sir Arthur of holding criminal intercourse with a domestic. Vain were

my protestations of innocence, as I refused to disclose the name of the man found concealed with me."

Lady Barome wept at the sufferings of her sister on her husband's account; and Matilda, struck with a confusion of ideas, could scarcely refrain from interrupting the interesting recital.—Lady De Warrenne continued:—

"I was forced to endure still harder trials.—To my great surprize, the physician who one day attended me presented me with a note containing these words:—

'Dear and generous Sister,

'My gratitude compels me to risque my life in your service. Could a discovery of myself avail, I would immediately reveal it; but I well know the degree of our sufferings would be augmented by such a proceeding. I find that an infernal scheme is plotting against you; if you would mitigate its severity, hesitate not a moment in delivering your daughter to the bearer of this note. I am in waiting to receive it, and will carry it where you direct. Leave with it some memorial by which it may be recognized, and leave the rest to me.—I am safe—depend upon my fidelity.

'BAROME.'

"Thunderstruck with this intelligence, I hesitated not to comply with the injunction, let the consequence be what it might. I, therefore, hastily wrapped the child in a mantle, and, tying the little locket given by you at parting round her neck, directed the person to fly to our estate in Chantilly, and place it in the care of my old faithful servant Leonard du Pont."

Before another word was spoken, Matilda fainted in the arms of Lady Barome, when, opening her vest, they discovered, suspended round her neck by a piece of ribbon, the identical locket!—No farther confirmation was necessary to convince Lady De Warrenne, who flung herself upon the lifeless body of her child, and gave free vent to her luxury of joy in tears.

Matilda, opening her eyes, fixed them on Lady De Warrenne, and, sinking on her knees, implored her blessing.—"Never, never, my beloved parent," she cried, "will we be separated!—no more shall the barbarous Sir Arthur persecute us.—We will seek the King, and of him implore protection and redress.



This pleasing discovery unfitted them for any further conversation; and they agreed to defer the remainder of Lady Warrenne's relation till they had contrived plans for their future disposal. Agreeably to her desire, the man was restored to liberty, who, in consideration of the great rewards offered him, consented to act entirely as they desired only taking the necessary precaution of securing him when they retired to rest.

Scarcely had they composed themselves to rest, when they were alarmed by a loud clamour at the Abbey gates, as of several horsemen, who loudly called for admittance. Fear so totally overcame all the inhabitants of the Abbey, that neither had power to ask their business, each fearing it to be some one in pursuit of themselves.—They had not long to consider, for, with a tremendous crush, the outer gates were burst open, as were, immediately after, the inner, and a large party of men entered the chancel.

Fear took from them all power of motion. Their apprehensions were raised to the most alarming height, when they heard the various footsteps ascending the staircase, and the voices of men in deep consultation. They had by this time thrown on a few clothes; and, the door of their apartment flying open, a party of armed men rushed in, who instantly started back on beholding three defenceless women.—A moment discovered all; and Matilda was prevented from falling to the floor by the supporting arms of De Lacy!—Her wandering senses were soon recalled by an exclamation from Lady Barome, of—"My Lord!—my husband!"—and instantly beheld her clasped to the bosom of her William, who hung enamoured on his long lamented Lady.

The recognition on all sides was joyous; and when Lady De Warrenne presented Matilda to him as his niece, and heiress to the house of Warrenne, he embraced her with rapture. Joy lighted up the countenance of Valtimond, and he paid his congratulations in a manner that plainly indicated the interest he took in her fate. The ardour of his speech revived in her breast emotions, which, though they had subsided while engaged in soothing the misfortunes of others, had never been totally extinguished; and she cast her eyes to the ground visibly embarrassed. Till then they had not regarded the attendants who continued in the room, and who had stood amazed spectators of the forego-



ing scene. They were ordered to withdraw, and forage the Abbey, for wherewithal to make cheer, to which they were conducted by the man whom they had truly affrighted by breaking open his prison.—When they had withdrawn, mutual and heartfelt congratulations again passed, which soon subsided into curiosity to know the cause of this extraordinary revolution. Each agreed to relate what concerned themselves, and the ladies having repeated their tale as before, Lady De Warrenne resumed:

“ Fortunately I acted as directed; the faithful physician received the child, and conveyed it out under his cloak, unobserved. When he next visited me, he told me that he had delivered it into the hands of my brother and assured me, on his honour, of its safety. I now felt resigned to whatever fate might await me, since my child was secure beyond the reach of Sir Arthur’s malignity.—My fortitude was soon severely tried; De Warrenne entered my apartment one day with a malicious air, and, seating himself opposite to me, said——

‘ So Countess, I understand that you have sent away your child.—May I demand the cause?’

“ I answered him with scorn, that I was in no wise accountable to him for my actions; that he was my guest, and, I was sorry to say, no longer an agreeable one at the Abbey.—He bit his lips, and muttered something inwardly; then, rising said——

‘ Well, Madam, you may repent this:—in the first place I desire you will deliver up to me the keys of your cabinet.’

“ This I preremptorily refused. He gave me a look which almost annihilated me, and, securing the door, pointed a dagger at my breast. Terrified at his menacing aspect, I promised compliance:—he removed the murderous weapon, and, taking the keys from my trembling hand, he proceeded to open all my drawers; and, having ransacked them over, tied all the papers together, and quitted the room exulting in the prize which he had so treacherously obtained, and secured the door on the outside.

“ Shocked at this inhuman treatment, I endeavoured to burst the door; my feeble efforts were insufficient, and, exhausted with rage and grief, I flung myself into a chair.—presently I heard some one at the door, and the ma-


you found here entered, desiring to know what I wanted,  
—I desired to walk down stairs: he shook his head:—

‘No, no, Lady; not quite so fast. If that is all you want, you need not trouble yourself to make so much noise.’

“He was then about to depart;—I caught his arm, and, falling on my knees, entreated him to tell me why I was kept a prisoner in my own mansion.—Great God! what was my agony when I found I was doomed to perpetual confinement; that I was looked upon as an adulteress, and as the murderer of my child; and that the base Sir Arthur had seized upon all our extensive domains and property, in right of his brother, deceased, being myself considered as dead to the world!—It is miraculous that I preserved my reason under these complicated evils: I endeavoured to convince the man of my innocence; but he was too stupid, or too cunning, to heed my protestations; and I likewise found that he considered me as a lunatic. I, however, gathered from him at different times that De Warrenne had given him a strict charge not to let me escape, nor to suffer any one to see me: neither was he permitted to quit the Abbey himself upon any account; what provisions were necessary being supplied from the market-town by a peasant boy, who put it through a small grating, without ever entering the Abbey. All ideas of escape being thus excluded, I had nothing left to do but endeavour to reconcile myself; and I looked forward with eagerness to the period when it might please the Almighty to terminate my wretched existence.”

Here Lady De Warrenne ceased, and her auditors could not but admire the resignation she had displayed while suffering under the greatest affliction, and were no less grateful to Providence for thus happily terminating them.

*(To be continued.)*



FOR THE LADY'S MAGAZINE.

## COLLIN AND SYLVIA.

SCENE: A Beautiful Grove.

Coll. **T**IS morn, and the bright sun illumines the sky,  
 And teints the clouds with crimson.  
 Soft golden beams from his full flaming car,  
 In sweet suffusion spread around, and fill this  
     Spacious Grove, with light and shade,  
     Soft Mingling.  
 From spray to spray, the cheerful warblers fly;  
 Each changing place, soon as his note is told,  
 And anxious, asks his favourite morning song,  
     From the sweet partner of his heart.  
 Mark, how these gentle tenants of the Grove,  
 Exulting, hail the morning light, and joyous  
     Welcome the returning Sun.  
 So welcome to my heart would Sylvia be,  
 But Sylvia has no wish for me,  
 When I approach, she turns her face away,  
 When I beseech she minds not what I say;  
 Yet when I chance to meet her sight  
 Her eye looks soft, and she seems not cruel,  
 But 'tis the native sweetness of her mind  
 That gives this high wrought finish to her beautiful  
     exterior,  
     And makes her amiable.  
 Her eyes, how piercing bright, and yet so sweetly soft,  
 You'd think they were diamonds, moist'ned with  
     Celestial dew!...—  
 Why was she form'd, to charm my soul,—  
     Steal my heart!—Rap my senses!—  
     And yet be so averse to me!—  
 O, cruel, unrelenting fate!... Thou rigid arbitress,  
 Thou harsh destroyer of my fondest hopes!...  
 Why didst thou lead me to that fatal spot,  
 Where first I saw the lovely spoiler of my peace!...  
 And yet methinks had I not seen her, I should have been  
 Less happy, and find unusual pleasuse in my pain.  
 But see!—She comes!—Musing across the Grove:—  
     'Tis Sylvia's self!—



But ah!—Mindless of Collin, some other object  
Fills her heart, and occupies her thought ...

O had I but a mansion there,  
I would not change it, for all the mines of rich Peru,  
Or diamonds of Golconda.

But no such bliss awaits me;...the fates deny me this,  
Yet let me approach her.

But careless, as if I saw her not, lest she should  
Think me rude to break on her retirement.

But mark, she takes the path direct this way, I'll e'en  
Conceal myself within this bower,—in which it terminates,

She's sure to enter;—

Thus shall I gain another interview, and O ye fates!...

Be ye propitious to my wish, and grant in this

Auspicious hour, what I so oft have craved,

One tender glance!... One sweet approving smile,

From my lov'd Sylvia!...

But dare I call her mine!—O were she so!...

—Hush!—She enters!—

Cease, cease, my beating heart be still, fain

Wouldst thou leap out from my breast, and fly to  
meet her!—

How much the Angel in her form!...

Her ev'ry step is grace,—

And gesture virtue!—

Bless me!... Sylvia!—you weep!—

What heart unfeeling, can afflict so fair a form?

Tell me sweet angel what disturbs your peace,

And spreads your lovely face with gloom?

But tell me *Sylvia*, and, if you're wrong'd

This arm shall soon avenge you ...

But these tears!—

Permit me sweet, to catch them as they flow;

I'll preserve them all, nor shall the smallest spray escape me!...

And when exhausted nature, sinks away

One pellucid drop of this celestial cordial,

Will restore me quite!—

*Syl.* Goodness!—Collin!—Are you here?—O pardon  
My intrusion; I'd no presentiment you were within,  
Or that you e'en frequent this grove:—

But let go, 'tis quite improper I should stay.—

*Coll.* O *Sylvia*!—Grant me but a moment.—

*Syl.* No, Collin not a moment.—

*Coll.* ————— Here at your feet then let me die,

O stay and hear my last expiring sigh!—

Or let me go with you.—

*Syl.* Rise Sir, to your sollicitude I grant the latter ;

But you must be calm.

*Coll.* Angelic Girl!—Your goodness quite transports me,

“ But I must be calm.”

Sweet Philosophy!—

Then tell me Sylvia, why did you weep ?

You make me no reply but weep again!—

Do I intrude, by calling up your sorrows ?

If so, I'll speak no more, and death, shall soon

Close up these eyes!—

*Syl.* O Collin!—You distract me!—

*Coll.* Goodness!—Dare I now speak, what I before,

Have never dar'd to hope!—

Ah! No, it is not so,—

It cannot be—

And yet methinks.—Nay, I believe it true!—

O let me ask,—Is Collin dear to you?

*Syl.* I told you Sir, you must be calm.—

*Coll.* Oh!—Sweet evasion!—

Yet still your eyes confess the flame

You so much wish to hide!—

Tell me sweet angel, is not this the truth?—

*Syl.* Should I then grant it, Collin, would you

Not take advantage of my weakness!—

*Coll.* Would I not take advantage!—Yes my angel,

All the advantage I could gain ;

I'd make you mine forever,

And give myself to you,

On equal terms! . . .

How would I wanton, in your blissful charms,—

Bask in the radiance of your eyes,

And live upon your smile!

*Syl.* You talk at random Sir—

*Coll.* Would Heaven the lightning of your eyes at random

Flew and mist my heart.—But no the fatal

Shaft trembles within, and pierces to the centre!

O Sylvia!—Deign to heal the wounds your eyes have

made.—

*Syl.* How shall I heal them Collin ?

*Coll.* Give your lovely self to me.—  
*Syl.* Is this your wish?  
*Coll.* Yes my most ardent wish.  
*Syl.* Then here's my hand!—My heart you've long pos-  
 sess'd!—

*Coll.* My love!—My life!—Thee I accept as heaven's  
 Best gift!

And ere this morning sun shall hide himself  
 In western skies,—Hymen shall join our hands—  
 O happiness extreme, enchanting prospect of exqui-  
 site bliss

I'm quite o'ercome with transport  
 Nor can I utter more!—

*New-York, Eagle-street,  
 January 29, 1802.*

PHILOTHEORUS.

### THE HISTORY OF BELLARIA.

[Written by her self.]

I HAVE a mamma and two aunts, who have all been formerly celebrated for their beauty, and are still generally admired by those who value themselves upon their understanding, and love to talk of vice and virtue, and beauty and propriety. These ladies have had me under their government fifteen years and a half, and have all that time been endeavouring to deceive me by such representations of life as I cannot yet find to be true. They were very desirous that I should love books; and therefore told me, that nothing but knowledge could make me an agreeable companion to men of sense, or qualify me to distinguish the superficial glitter of vanity from the solid merit of understanding; and that a habit of reading would enable me to fill up the vacuities of life, without the help of trivial or dangerous amusements, and preserve me from the snares of idleness, and the inroads of temptation.

But their principal attention seems to have been to make me afraid of men; in which they succeeded so well for a time that I durst not look in their faces, or be left alone with them in a parlour; for they made me fancy, that no



man ever spoke but to deceive, or looked but to allure; that the girl who suffered him who had once squeezed her hand to approach her a second time, was on the brink of ruin; and that she who answered a billet, without consulting her relations, gave love such power over her, that she would certainly become either poor or infamous.

From the time that my leading-strings were taken off, I scarcely ever heard any mention of my beauty but from the milliner and the mantua maker; for my mamma never said more when she heard me commended, than "The girl is very well," and then always endeavoured to divert my attention by some enquiry after my needle, or book.

It is now three months since I have been suffered to enter the world, to pay and receive visits, to dance at public assemblies and to have a place kept for me in the boxes, and I am so far from finding such usefulness or necessity of books as I expected, that, if I had not dropped all pretensions to learning, I should have lost Mr. *Trip*, whom I once frightened into another box by making some remarks upon a new tragedy. I have talked once or twice among ladies about principles and ideas; but they put their fans before their faces; told me I was too wise for them; that, for their part, they never pretended to read any thing but the play-bill; and then asked me the price of my new hat.

Those vacancies of time which are to be filled up with books I have never yet obtained; for, consider, I go to bed late, and therefore cannot rise early: as soon as I am up, I must be dressed for dinner; then must pay my visits; or hurry to the play; and from thence to the card-table. This is the general course of the day, when there happens nothing extraordinary; but sometimes I ramble into the country, and come back again to a ball; sometimes I am engaged for a whole day and part of the night. If, at any time, I can gain an hour by not being at home, I have so many things to do, so many alterations to make in my clothes, so many visitants names to read over, so many invitations to accept or refuse, so many cards to write, and so many fashions to consider, that I am lost in confusion, and forced, at last, to leave half my affairs unsettled.

But I am most at a loss to guess for what purpose they related such tragic stories of the cruelty, perfidy, and artifices of men, who, if they ever were so malicious and destructive, have certainly now reformed their manners.

I have not, since my entrance into the world, found one who does not profess himself devoted to my service, and ready to live or die as I shall command him, and when I play at cards they never take advantage of my mistakes, or exact from me a rigorous observation of the laws of the game.

For these distinctions I find myself indebted to that beauty which I was never suffered to hear praised, and of which, therefore, I had not known the full value. This concealment was certainly an intentional fraud; for my aunts seem to have eyes like the rest of the world; and I am every day told that nothing but blindness can escape the influence of my charms.



### ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE,

[From Dr. Aikin's Letters to his Son.]



DEAR SON,

**T**HERE is no species of advice which seems to come with more peculiar propriety from parents to children, than that which respects the marriage state: for it is a matter in which the first must have acquired some experience, and the last cannot. At the same time it is found to be that in which advice produces the least effect. For this, various causes may be assigned; of which, no doubt, the principal is, that passion commonly takes this affair under its management and excludes reason from her share of the deliberation. I am inclined to think, however, that the neglect with which admonitions on this head are treated, is not unfrequently owing to the manner in which they are given, which is often too general, too formal, and with too little accommodation to the feelings of young persons. If, in descanting a little upon this subject, I can avoid these errors, I flatter myself you are capable of bestowing some unforced attention to what an affectionate desire of promoting your happiness, in so essential a point may prompt.

The difference of opinion between sons and fathers in the matrimonial choice, may be stated in a single position—that the former have in their minds the first month of marriage, the latter, the whole of its duration. Perhaps

you will, and with justice, deny that this is the difference between us two, and will assert that you, as well as I, in thinking of this connection, reflect on its lasting consequences. So much the better! We are then agreed as to the mode in which it is to be considered, and I have the advantage of you only in experience and more extensive observation.

I need say little as to the share that personal charms ought to have in fixing a choice of this kind. While I readily admit that it is desirable that the object on which the eyes are most frequently to dwell for a whole life, should be an agreeable one; you will probably as freely acknowledge, that more than this is of too fanciful and fugitive a nature to come into the computation of permanent enjoyment. Perhaps in this matter I might look more narrowly for you than you would for yourself, and require a suitableness of years and vigour of constitution, which might continue this advantage to a period that you do not yet contemplate. But dropping this part of the subject, let us proceed to consider the two main points on which the happiness to be expected from a female associate in life must depend—her qualifications as a *companion*, and as a *helper*.

Were you engaged to make a voyage round the world on the condition of sharing a cabin with an unknown messmate, how solicitous would you be to discover his character and disposition before you set sail! If, on enquiry, he should prove to be a person of good sense and cultivated manners, and especially of a temper inclined to please and be pleased, how fortunate would you think yourself! But if, in addition to this, his tastes, studies, and opinions, should be found conformable to yours, your satisfaction would be complete. You could not doubt that the circumstance which brought you together, would lay the foundation of an intimate and delightful friendship. On the other hand, if he were represented, by those who thoroughly knew him, as weak, ignorant, obstinate, and quarrelsome, of manners and dispositions totally opposite to your own, you would probably rather give up your project, than submit to live so many months confined with such an associate.

Apply this comparison to the domestic companion of the voyage of life—the intimate of all hours—the partaker of all fortunes—the sharer in pain and pleasure—the mother



and instructress of your offspring. Are you not struck with a sense of the infinite consequence it must be of to you, what are the qualities of the heart and understanding of one who stands in this relation; and of the comparative insignificance of external charms and ornamental accomplishments? But as it is scarcely probable that all you would wish in these particulars can be attained, it is of importance to ascertain which qualities are the most essential, that you may make the best compromise in your power. Now, tastes, manners, and opinions, being things not original, but acquired, cannot be of so much consequence as the fundamental properties of good sense and good temper. Possessed of these, a wife who loves her husband will fashion herself in the others according to what she perceives to be his inclination; and if, after all, a considerable diversity remain between them in such points, this is not incompatible with domestic comfort. But sense and temper can never be dispensed with in the companion for life; they form the basis on which the whole edifice of happiness is to be raised. As both are absolutely essential, it is needless to enquire which is so in the highest degree. Fortunately, they are oftener met with together than separate; for the just and reasonable estimation of things which true good sense inspires, almost necessarily produces that equanimity and moderation of spirit in which good temper properly consists. There is, indeed, a kind of thoughtless good nature which is not unfrequently coupled with weakness of understanding; but having no power of self-direction, its operations are capricious, and no reliance can be placed on it in promoting solid felicity. When, however, this easy humour appears with the attraction of youth and beauty, there is some danger lest even men of sense should overlook the defects of a shallow capacity, especially if they have entertained the too common notion, that women are no better than playthings, designed rather for the amusement of their lords and masters, than for the more serious purposes of life. But no man ever married a fool without severely repenting it; for though the pretty trifler may have served well enough for the hour of dalliance and gaiety, yet when folly assumes the reins of domestic, and especially of parental controul, she will give a perpetual heart-ache to a considerate partner.

On the other hand, there are to be met with instances of considerable powers of the understanding, combined with

waywardness of temper, sufficient to destroy all the comfort of life. Malignity is sometimes joined with wit, haughtiness and caprice with talents, sourness and suspicion with sagacity, and cold reserve with judgment. But all these being in themselves unamiable qualities, it is less necessary to guard against the possessors of them. They generally render even beauty unattractive; and no charm but that of fortune is able to overcome the repugnance they excite. How much more fatal than even folly they are to all domestic felicity, you have probably already seen enough of the matrimonial state to judge.

Many of the qualities which fit a woman for a companion, also adapt her for the office of a *helper*; but many additional ones are requisite. The original purpose for which this sex was created, is said, you know, to have been, providing man with a *help-mate*; yet it is, perhaps, that notion of a wife which least occupies the imagination in the season of courtship. Be assured, however, that as an office for *life*, its importance stands extremely high to one whose situation does not place him above the want of such aid; and fitness for it should make a leading consideration in his choice. Romantic ideas of domestic felicity will infallibly in time give way to that true state of things, which will shew that a large part of it must arise from well ordered affairs, and an accumulation of petty comforts and conveniences. A clean and quiet fireside, regular and agreeable meals, decent apparel, a house managed with order and economy, ready for the reception of a friend, or the accommodation of a stranger, a skilful as well as affectionate nurse in time of sickness—all these things compose a very considerable part of what the nuptial state was intended to afford us; and without them no charms of person or understanding will long continue to bestow delight. The arts of housewifery should be regarded as *professional* to the woman who intends to become a wife; and to select one for that station who is destitute of them, or disinclined to exercise them, however otherwise accomplished, is as absurd, as it would be to choose for your lawyer or physician, a man who excelled in every thing rather than in law or physic.

Let me remark, too, that knowledge and good-will are not the only requisites for the office of a helper. It demands a certain energy both of body and mind, which is

less frequently met with among the females of the present age than might be wished. How much soever infirm and delicate health may interest the feelings, it is certainly an undesirable attendant on a connection for life. Nothing can be more contrary to the qualification of a helpmate, than a condition which constantly requires that assistance which it never can impart. It is, I am sure, the farthest thing from my intention to harden your heart against impressions of pity, or slacken those services of affectionate kindness, by which you may soften the calamitous lot of the most amiable and deserving of the species. But a matrimonial choice is a choice for your own benefit, by which you are to obtain additional sources of happiness; and it would be mere folly in their stead voluntarily to take upon you new incumbrances and distresses. Akin to an unnerved frame of body, is that shrinking timidity of mind, and excessive nicety of feeling, which is too much encouraged under the notion of female delicacy. That this is carried beyond all reasonable bounds in modern education, can scarcely be doubted by one who considers what exertions of fortitude and self-command are continually required in the course of female duty. One who views society closely, in its interior as well as its exterior, will know that occasions of alarm, suffering, and disgust, come much more frequently in the way of women than of men. To them belong all offices about the weak, the sick, and the dying. When the house becomes a scene of wretchedness from any cause, the man often runs abroad, the woman must stay at home and face the worst. All this takes place in cultivated society, and in classes of life, raised above the common level. In a savage state, and in the lower conditions, women are compelled to undergo even the most laborious, as well as the most disagreeable tasks. If nature, then, has made them so weak in temper and constitution as many suppose, she has not suited means to ends with the foresight we generally discover in her plans.

I confess myself decidedly of the opinion of those who would rather form the two sexes to a resemblance of character, than contrast them. Virtue, Wisdom, presence of mind, patience, vigour, capacity, application, are not *sexual* qualities; they belong to mankind—to all who have duties to perform and evils to endure. It is surely a most



degrading idea of the female sex, that they must owe their influence to trick and finesse, to counterfeit or real weakness. They are too essential to our happiness to need such arts; too much of the pleasure and of the business of the world depends upon them, to give reason for apprehension that we shall cease to join partnership with them. Let them aim at excelling in the qualities peculiarly adapted to the parts they have to act, and they may be excused from affected languor and coquetry. We shall not think them less amiable for being our best helpers.

Having thus endeavoured to give you just ideas of the principal requisites in a wife, especially in a wife for one in your condition, I have done all that lies within the compass of an adviser. From the influence of passion I cannot guard you: I can only deprecate its power. It may be more to the purpose to dissuade you from *hasty engagements*, because in making them, a person of any resolution is not to be regarded as merely passive. Though the head has lost its rule over the heart, it may retain its command of the hand. And surely if we are to pause before any action, it should be before one on which "all the colour of remaining life" depends. Your reason must be convinced, that to form a solid judgment of so many qualities as are requisite in the conjugal union, is no affair of days and weeks, of casual visits or public exhibitions. Study your object at *home*—see her tried in her proper department. Let the progress be, liking, approving, loving, and lastly, declaring: and may you, after the experience of as many years as I have had, be as happily convinced, that a choice so formed is not likely to deceive.

You may think it strange, that I have not touched upon a consideration which generally takes the lead in parental estimates of matrimonial views—that of *fortune*. But I have been treating on the *woman* only, not on any thing extraneous to her. Fortune acquired with a wife, is the same thing as fortune got any other way. It has its value, and certainly no small one in procuring the desirable comforts of life; and to rush into a state in which wants will be greatly increased, without a reasonable prospect of being able to supply those wants, is an act, not merely of carelessness, but of downright folly. But with respect

to the sources whence their supply is to be sought, that is a particular enquiry to each individual ; and I do not think so ill of your prudence as to apprehend that you will not give it all the attention its importance demands. Another consideration, that of the *family connections* formed by marriage, is of a similar kind. Its great importance cannot be doubted ; but it is an affair to be determined on by the dictates of common prudence, just as in forming those connections after any other mode ; though, indeed, in no other can they be formed equally strong. One who is master of his deliberations, may be trusted to decide these points, as well as any others that occur in the practice of life. That your decisions may always shew you to be possessed of a due power of self-direction, is the earnest wish of,

Your truly affectionate, &c.

*D.A.*

### GONDALBERT.

A FRAGMENT IN THE MANNER OF OSSIAN.

THE grey mists of evening curl over the valley. The mountain breezes fan the dark-bending pines. Shrill sounds the shepherd's whistle over the heath, and mute is the vale-besomed hamlet. Son of Ansekir, why art thou sad ? Soul-troubled chief, why rovest thou in the castle of other times ? Silent now is the dwelling of the mighty ! The rustling ivy waves form its battlements. The owl seeks her nest in the ruins. Mirth reigns not in the hall, and silent is the song of harps. The tales of other days are heard no more ! —no more they mingle with the spirit-rousing lyre. The heroes of other times are departed and gone, as the yellow beams of the sun flee away when the sun lours over the mountain. The wind waves the grass of their tombs ; the wild stream murmurs near their dwelling.

Gondalbert was fierce in the battle, as the wolf of Romanza. Loud was his voice, as the roaring of the mountain torrent. Noble were the steps of the dark-frowning chief. In yon castle, the minstrel oft recorded his valour,

there sent he round the goblet in the joy of his soul. Mighty were the deeds of Gondalbert in the field, mighty was the son of Rodrigo in the battle.

The sun arose over the hills of mist. The gems of Aurora gleam'd on the thistle, when Gondalbert with the sword of his fathers, fought the battles of heroes.—The morning breeze waved the plume of his helmet. The sunbeams flashed from his shield. Many were the chiefs that followed him, many were the javelins that glittered as the stars of night. They rushed on to battle, like the noise of a thousand torrents when they dash from the summits of the snow-crested Alps. Dreadful was the contests of chiefs. The raven flapped her jetty wings, and rejoiced at the carnage. The songs of a thousand harps echoed over the heath, and urg'd the warriors to glory. Gondalbert rushed through their ranks, as the tawny lion bursts through the nets of the hunters. Many fell by his sword, many sent he to dwell with their fathers—Logron of the misty stream died by his hand. Few were the days of his youth on the hills of his country, and small was the fame of Logron. Long did Soluna look from her castle on the mountains, long did she mourn the delay of her husband, Sickness overcame the soft-bosomed daughter of Omphir. The tomb clasped the wife of Logron! Beneath the cypress they sleep, and mournful is the music of the dark-waving tree! Mighty were the deeds of Gondalbert in the field of carnage. Swiftly fled the foe over the mountains. On flew the chief, a spear struck the breast of the hero!—he rolled in his blood. The shades of death hovered around him; dim was the eye of Gondalbert!—The battle ceased—the minstrels mourned over the fallen chief. A thousand lyres gave their plaintive music—and thus sung the harpers of other days!—

*pathetic indeed*





## Song.

### COME BUY MY WOODEN WARE.

*Thy Influence Love I needs must own  
 Has quite subdued my heart,  
 I bow obedient to thy throne  
 And feel thy potent dart.  
 For lovely Sue with eyes so blue  
 Engrosses all my care,  
 She trips so neat and cries so sweet  
 Come buy my wooden ware.*

*Of Tunbridge Goods she has great Choice  
 And Customers in Store,  
 And so enchanting is her voice  
 She gains them by the score.  
 For pretty Sue with eyes so blue  
 Is blooming, young and fair,  
 She trips so neat and cries so sweet  
 Come buy my wooden ware.*

*Cou'd I obtain her for a wife  
 I'd emy not Peru,  
 But richer think myself for life  
 Would she be kind and true.  
 For blith and gay as vernal May  
 Is sure my charming fair,  
 She trips so neat and cries so sweet  
 Come buy my wooden ware.*

Allegretto *POETRY.*

*TER.*

*Plan.*

heart I bow obedient to thy Throne and feel

Sue with Eyes so blue en gages all my ear so

wooden ware come buy my wooden ware com

ware

**Song.**

**COME BUY MY WIFE**

*Thy Influence Love*

*Has quite sub*

*I bow obedie*

*And*

*For*

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# POETRY.



## THE PLANTER.

AN ECLOGUE.

*SCENE: An American Log House, with a little Plan-  
tation. Time, Sun-set.*

---

THE evening airs in southern breezes play'd,  
Amongst the maples, thro' the forest's shade.  
O'er leaves of aspin trembling seem'd to sigh,  
Or lost in sweets, on fragrant peaches lie—  
The sun unsullied mov'd to ocean's bed  
The chirping birds hung down the weary head;  
All nature tranquil breath'd serene repose,  
Sublimely silent at the evening's close.

A lonely cot uprear'd its humble head;  
Around, an orchard various fruitage spread.  
A simple plat (with herbs and roots supplied)  
Slop'd gently bending to a river's side.  
A cultur'd field, unhedg'd by ragged thorn,  
Bloom'd rich with variegated Indian corn:  
Calm silence reign'd at evening's peaceful hour,  
Mild was her reign, and gentle was her pow'r:  
When on a spangled green with violets gay,  
A planter sat, to see his children play:  
Till tired with sport, they round their parents move  
To ask caresses, or new gifts of love;

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When thus the planter, on a turf-rai'd seat,  
Lean'd on his wife, and kiss'd his children sweet.

“ My sons,” said he, “ your father's voice attend,  
My voice, the council of a faithful friend—  
Beyond these woods, which sweep the flying clouds,  
Whose wide-spread arms our humble cot enshrouds:  
Beyond these woods, which with creation rose,  
A mighty water everlasting flows:  
A lake of waves thought scarce can traverse o'er,  
Land links to Land, and fastens shore to shore.  
There storms and tempests lash the sounding main,  
The shuddering shores their fury scarce sustain:  
Billows rough, boiling, rude as mountains hurl'd,  
Shake the foundations of the frightened world.  
Beyond this ocean other countries lay,  
Where arts and commerce shine in bright display.  
Where cities rise midst luxury and ease,  
And pamper'd folly riots in disease.  
There selfish men arrest the bounteous store,  
Given by high Heaven alike to rich and poor:  
Self-interest rules—self-interest each divides,  
Burns in the soul, and in the heart resides,  
Friendship, and love, and all domestic ties  
Shrink from the towns, and to the country flies;  
Mingled with pomp, pale misery appears,  
And weeping virtue drinks down silent tears.  
The dawning youth exulting in his power,  
Heeds not the gulph, wide opening to devour;  
Feels not the sting, which pleasures leave behind,  
When virtue fails to influence the mind.  
The maid whose virgin charms might touch the heart,  
Enkindle love, and noble thoughts impart,  
Impel to deeds of more than mortal mould,  
Moves not the feelings if undeck'd with gold:  
Or if she shines in beauty fair and bright  
She shines alone the ruffian to invite:

Cut down in early youth, no hand to save  
She sinks a sorrowing victim to the grave."

" There men on men, on nations, nations prey,  
In mad rebellion, brothers, brothers slay.  
Loud-sounding knaves, in freedom's sacred name,  
Engender strife, and set the world in flame:  
Self-tutor'd censors mock religion's rod,  
Bend down to *nature*, scoff at *nature's* God."

" There, for less hire than vagrant reapers know,  
Man destroys man, an undistinguish'd foe.  
The weeping mother sees her children die,  
And bleeding virgins join the general cry.  
Rude slaughter strides thro' countries red with gore,  
And lisping infants learn to lisp no more.  
The lordly domes, religion's sacred fanes,  
Swell the dark flame that rolls along the plains.  
Resounding arms harsh mingle in the air;  
Arts, science, learning, general ruin share,  
Yet—yet, my sons, should foreign foes invade,  
Protect your partners in your humble shade.  
When the shrill trump sounds in your country's cause  
Defend your homes, your children, and your laws:  
Rush to the fight, and dare the generous strife,  
Nor yield the contest but with yielding life."

" But O my darlings, whatsoe'er betide,  
Lend not a listening ear to flattering pride:  
Tempt not the height where giddy breezes play,  
Deep, wide destruction spreads beneath the way.  
For you is spread profusely nature's store,  
Reason with prudence can require no more.  
The gem that sparkles in the blaze of day,  
In sick'nin' g mines emits no lust'rous ray;  
The silken robe that flowing gay appears,  
Is oft times watered with the workman's tears."



" Here, bless'd by love, beneath the blushing vine,  
A blooming offspring shall around you twine.  
Your daughters fair, pure as unsullied snow,  
Like opening flowers shall blossom where they grow.  
No blighting wind of lust or wealth shall tear,  
Or strew their beauties in the barren air.  
Beneath the peach-trees shall their children play,  
And teeming harvest every toil repay.  
When tranquil ev'ning tempts your souls to rest,  
A pleasing calmness shall o'erspread your breast ;  
As yonder sun declining to the wave,  
Shall you serene move onward to the grave ;  
Your children's children shall around you lay,  
Till time shall rise in sempeternal day."

" The parting wave which from the ocean strays,  
Engreens the mountains, thro' the vallies plays,  
Midst banks of flowers, where nature sheds her sweets,  
And pensive silence from the world retreats.  
Then with some river, rapid, rough, and strong,  
Confluent rolls its deepening course along ;  
Or gently winding, into calm subsides,  
Where some fair garden drinks the dimpling tides,  
Here close imprison'd in a marble pool,  
Where modest nymphs the summer heats may cool)  
It shines a fountain--lost in airy play,  
Whose drops prismatic gems and tints display.  
But still it murmurs, still it sad complains,  
Thro' verdant meadows, or thro' sterile plains:  
The sea alone, from whence at first it rose,  
Can lull those murmurs into still repose.  
The mighty ocean spreads a boundless deep,  
Where all its wanderings and its cares may sleep."

He ceas'd---the nightingale took up the strain,  
And softly plaintive, pour'd a lov'd complain;

The fire fly glitter'd thro' the foliage green:  
With streaming lustre sparkling o'er the scene.  
The pious parents then their voices raise;  
Their lovely children join the song of praise;  
Such as was heard at evening's sacred hour,  
Ere guilt was known in paracidial bow'r.

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## LINES

### ON SPRING.

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CALM'D is the roaring of the billowy main---  
The orient beams---the stormy clouds are fled,  
Zephyrus woos the blue-ey'd Naiads again,  
The growling north-east seeks his cavy bed.

Freed by the potent sun's enliv'ning ray,  
Fair nature pleas'd, with animation smiles;  
Each scene to decorate with flow'rets gay,  
With tasteful hand laboriously she toils.

Lo! at his magic touch, the primrose blows,  
The purple violets grateful odours shed,  
Amid the humid marsh the cowslip glows,  
And modest daisies ornament the mead.

The garden now its flow'ry pride displays,  
In robe imperial, shines the crocus fair,  
A spotless stole the snow-drop fair arrays,  
The beauteous hyacinth perfumes the air.

And gay in vernal charms, the shrubb'ry's seen,  
What various hues and blossoms charm the eye!  
The hawthorn blooms, the copse is clad with green,  
The shadowy grove resounds with harmony.

Their matin hymns the larks now sing with glee,  
 If day's bright regent does the sky illumine;  
 And sweet the murmur of the busy bee,  
 That sucks the honey from the orchard's bloom.

High on the breezy downs, and on the plains,  
 Innumerable lambskins sport, and bleat their joy;  
 Wildly melodious pipe the shepherd swains,  
 And springs gay jubilee meets no alloy.

Wav'd by the gale there embryo harvests grow,  
 And ev'ry verdant blade is burnish'd high,  
 The glitt'ring rivers murmur as they flow,  
 Serene and cloudless as the azure sky.

The silent shade reflection now may seek,  
 And muse on actions past with pure delight,  
 As memory pictures deeds of childhood meek,  
 Or manhood's firmness in the paths of right.

And mad ambition, whose ferocious breast  
 Throb'd with wild joy, when conquest crown'd his arms,  
 Amidst these tranquil scenes may love to rest,  
 And be enamour'd of fair virtue's charms.

Here modest beauty, from licentious gaze,  
 Unveil'd may wander peaceful thro' the grove:  
 And age rever'd, may spend his fragile days,  
 Blest with the smiles of happiness and love.

ELEANOR.

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## ON FRIENDSHIP.

*By Dr. Johnson.*

**F**RRIENDSHIP! peculiar boon of heav'n,  
 The noble mind's delight and pride,



To men and angels only giv'n,  
To all the lower world deny'd.

While Love a stranger to the blest,  
Parent of thousand wild desires,  
The human and the savage breast  
Inflames alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,  
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly;  
Thy lambent glories only beam  
Around the fav'rites of the sky.

Directress of the brave and just  
O guide me through life's darksome way,  
And let the tortures of mistrust  
On selfish bosoms only prey:

Thy gentle flow of guiltless joys  
On fools and villains ne'er descend;  
In vain for thee the monarch sighs,  
And hugs a flatterer for a friend.


When Virtues kindred Virtues meet,  
And sister souls together join,  
Thy pleasures, permanent as great,  
Are all transporting, all divine.

Nor must their ardours cease to glow,  
When souls to blissful climes remove,  
What rais'd our virtues here below,  
Shall aid our happiness above.



## SONNET.

*By a Husband.*

  
 WHEN on thy bosom I recline,  
 Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,  
     To call thee mine for life :  
 I glory in the sacred ties,  
 Which modern wits and fools despise  
     Of husband and of wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss,  
 The tender look, the melting kiss  
     Ev'n years have not destroy'd :  
 Some sweet sensation ever new  
 Springs up—and proves the maxim true,  
     That love can ne'r be cloy'd.

Have I a wish, 'tis all for thee,  
 Hast thou a wish, 'tis all for me :  
     So soft our moments move,  
 That angels look with ardent gaze,  
 Well pleas'd to see our happy days,  
     And bid us live and love.

If cares arise (and cares will come)  
 Thy bosom is my softest home,  
     I lull me there to rest ;  
 And is there aught disturbs my fair,  
 I bid her sigh out all her care,  
     And lose it in my breast.

Have I a joy, 'tis all her own,  
 For her's and mine are all but one :  
     Our hearts are so intwin'd,  
 That like the ivy round the tree,  
 Bound in closest amity,  
     'Tis death to be disjoin'd.